Folklore

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A SUNDAY MORNING

On a Sunday morning
    Between the conscious and the potency
Awake, turning, yearning
    Striving to place some regency
Atop the topsy-turvy half light
    Questioning all that's impressed
Unable to set the world upright
    Quivering in bed — in perpetual unrest
Hoping to find that sans error
    Completely unable to accept
The now dawning terror
    All powers are fully adept
O God, what Have I done
    it's true.

John Levay

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Like
    dawn deserted street
or
    rapid run river
Like
    summer soft sunset
or
    whistled wind whisper
Dawn flowing death
    whispers softly.

FOLKLORE

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
1 slipped and broke my neck.

Joseph Deroller